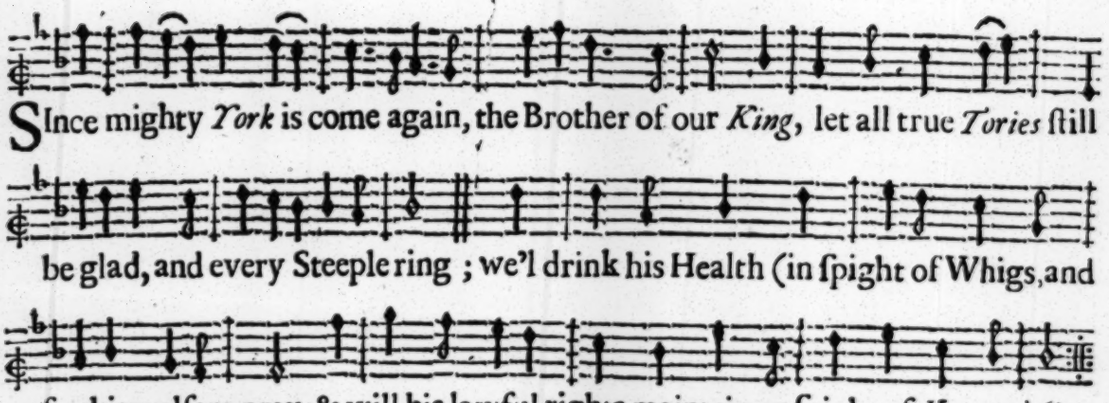
The Tories Reſolution:

Or, *The Loyal VVelcome to His Royal Highneſs.*

Tune of, Hold faſt thy Crown and Scepter CHARLES.



SInce mighty *York* is come again, the Brother of our *King*, let all true *Tories* ſtill be glad, and every Steeple ring; we'l drink his Health (in ſpight of Whigs, and for his welfare pray; & will his lawful rights maintain, in ſpight of *K*--- and *G*---

(2)

Here's a Health to *Iames* the mighty D.
of *York* and *Albany*;
Confuſion to his Factious Foes,
in every degree;
May Heaven ſtill protect and keep
him from the murthering hand
Of *Presbyterians*, who'd exclude,
and baniſh him the Land.

(3)

But let them all contrive and Plot
againſt his matchleſs Fame;
And with the *Aſſociation*,
ſtrive to confound his Name:
Great *York* ſhall ſtill to loyal Hearts
their only Darling be;
Who will maintain and take their parts,
and fight his Enemy.

(4)

We'l to our King be true and juſt,
his Precepts we'l Obey,
And fight for his Prerogative,
'gainſt *Ignoramus* Sway.
We'l ſtill pray for the Royal Line,
(but in its juſt deſcent)
And will ſtand by our lawful Prince,
'gainſt thoſe that wou'd prevent.

(5)

What though the *VVhigs* did Vote
Great *York* a Papiſt was?
Yet we will his birth-right maintain
in ſpight of all his Foes;
We'l make 'um all to dread his name,
and of him ſtand in fear;
For he has ſtill a Lawful claim,
and will prove only Heir.

(6)

The *VVhigs* (perhaps) will envy us,
and ſay we *Papiſts* are,
But let them know we're not afraid
of what they ſay or ſwear.
Let them Aſſociate themſelves
againſt us loyal Hearts;
They ſure ſhall know we've *good friends*
who ſtill will take our parts.

(7)

If *Covenanters* ſhould agree
once more for to Rebel,
We bravely then will ſhow that we
can their preſumptions quell.
Our [illegible]is ſtill as dear to us
[illegible] Apple [illegible] Eye;
[illegible]his Enem[illegible]e'l kill,
[illegible]e we'l brave [illegible]dye.

(8)

And now, our honeſt Countrey-men,
do you with us agree,
To Welcome home the mighty Duke
of *York* and *Albany*.
Let perjur'd Rogues againſt him ſwear,
yet we will always ſing
Long live the Royal Duke of *York*,
and ſo God ſave the King.

FINIS.

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